

Clara Hesse

The Chatterbox

Volume III

Number I



OCTOBER, 1908

LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.

“I Chatter as I Go.”



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MOLLIE STEPHENSON.

SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS!

The Chatterbox.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 1

Literary Department.

The Dream We Dream.

Oh, the dreams we dream in the sunset light—
The dreams which we weave from the rosy bright
Glow of the drowsy day, as it goes to rest
Adown t'ward the misty, twilight West.

The dreams we dream—did they ever come true?—
The brave, glad dreams of the deeds we'll do
In the golden future, when you and I
Shall no longer be hum-drum mortals, but hie
To the land of glory and fame and song
That we have been seeking so long—so long!

Oh, the dreams we dream, how they fade and die
In the cold, gray light of the morning sky;
How they leave us all desolate, chilled and afraid,
With only the colorless heavens o'erhead.

Yet these dreams we dream—would we bid them cease?
These misty, swift glimpses of heaven and peace,
When the crass earth fades for a moment, and then,
While we grasp at our vision, 'tis gone again.

Nay, these dreams we dream, let us seek them still
At twilight away to the westering hill,
When our dull earth one moment glows fair and bright,
From the mystical, magic Dreamland height.

A Little Journal of a Little Journey.

EBBIE G. MATTHEWS.

Have you ever been to Gulfport, Miss.? We reached this much boomed seaport at 10 o'clock this a. m. Gulfporters say there are 10,000 inhabitants, outsiders say 8,000. Will a great city boom up here? Shall the Crescent City some day hide her head while the ships that once crowded her harbor sail into Gulfport? I do not know. The Gulfporters think so, because, as they say, ships must be towed 90 miles to New Orleans and only 12 miles to Gulfport. But the Crescent City people say that only ships drawing 22 feet of water can enter Gulfport, while those drawing 30 feet come right up to New Orleans wharves.

As the Dagoes say: "The sea, the open sea."

Not quite that, only, "the gulf, the gulf, the open gulf," but it is salt and is a part of the great world-embracing ocean. Who is not thrilled by the sight of its restless waves? Seagulls were flying here and there, and a pelican sat on a piece of driftwood watching the waves to catch a breakfast for her nestlings in some secluded place.

What an interesting chapter could be written on the myths of animal life. The pelican feeds its young with fish which it has caught and deposited in the pouch that Nature gave it for this purpose. Yet to the end of time, for the poet, and the painter, the pelican will be the emblem of self-sacrifice and devotion—the mother who feeds her young on her own flesh and blood. It is on account of this myth that Louisiana has made the pelican the emblem of her State Seal. Even the Church has adopted the myth to illustrate her Divine mysteries; and the pelican is one emblem in sacred paintings of Him Who gave His own flesh and blood for His followers.

White and red oleanders more than twenty feet high flourish here as oaks do elsewhere. I have never before seen the cane of our river-banks used as ornamental plant. It is very effective, massed in great clumps and allowed to grow year after year undisturbed.

There is a very curious fact in regard to our cane that is not generally known: once in a generation—and once once—it bears seed. Who can explain this? Why should this giant grass differ so in its habits from all other grasses, such as corn, rye, wheat, barley, oats and rice? The bamboo of the East is said to be very much like our cane. I wonder what are its habits of seed-bearing.

The population of Gulfport is, I think, a floating one. I was told there are a number of Italians and Greeks here. I asked some of the citizens: "From what place did you come?" and when they answered "Athens" or "Sparta," I looked at their brown faces almost with reverence, for you feel as if you had laid hold of one link of a chain reaching back to the glorious day of Thermopolæ. The language has changed but it is still much nearer to ancient Greek than Italian or Latin; indeed some scholars say that it ought not to be considered a dead language. I once had the pleasure of hearing a highly cultured Greek read from the original some of the finest passages from the Odessey. I have never heard any language so exquisitely musical. In comparison our speech seems harsh and boorish.

It is said that the resurrector of Troy, (I can not recall his name just now) who settled in Athens and married a beautiful Greek wife, would not allow his family to speak anything but the pure Greek language.

Early one morning as I was passing by a restaurant I noticed a pot of basil in the window, which a Greek said he had brought all the way across the ocean from his own land to his home in the new world. I wondered what peculiar associa-

tion this plant has for Greeks that it should be so cherished. If it had been a fennel plant I would have understood at once. Isn't it Keats who told so exquisitely the story of how the gentle Isabella with her own hands buried her murdered lover's head in her "pot of basil" and nourished with her tears until she rejoined him in the spirit world?

If you ever go to Gulfport, which I'm sure you will some day, I hope you will find as many interesting things there as I did. Then I shall expect you to tell me all about your trip.

The Book of Jonah.

BLANCHE HOLT, '09.

To my mind the Book of Jonah is the most weird, the most miraculous and the most supernatural book we have thus far considered. Ordinarily we think of it only as a story, pure and simple, and lose sight of its prophetic nature, but when we study it more deeply we see its prophetic nature and its dramatic style.

Whether this book is an allegory or actual history we are not able to say, though we lean to the latter conviction. But whichever it be, the lesson is the same, and applies to us as truly today as it did to the people of old.

In the beginning the Lord called Jonah to go to that great city, Nineveh, and to prophesy there. He wanted to warn the people of their evil doing, and of the woe which awaited them if they did not repent. No sooner did this call reach Jonah's ears than he resolutely turned his face westward,—in the opposite direction from Nineveh. A strange act, isn't it? What could have been the cause of this willful stubbornness? It might have been that the prophet feared lest he would be unsuccessful, and that the people would scorn him; or it might have been that he thought that after going down to Nineveh, and announcing the destruction of that great city, the mercy of the Lord might yet spare it, and the people would at once declare him a false prophet. However that may be, we are told that he went down to Joppa and stepped on board a ship bound for Tarshish.

For a while the ship glided along smoothly and peacefully; everything was quiet and calm. So much so, in fact, that Jonah fell asleep, and even when the great tempest came pulsing its waves toward the ship and lashing them in foaming

fury, he was not disturbed. Let us draw upon our imagination and look at the picture in our mind's eye! There are the heathen mariners on board, who fear lest their lives will be lost, and who pray to their gods for help, but all in vain. Finally as a last resort they go down to Jonah and say, "What meanest thou, oh sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that thy God will think upon us that we perish not!" Then lots are cast and Jonah, at his own request, is cast into the angry sea. Immediately the sea is calmed. Of course, the mariners were amazed at this, and they immediately made vows and offered sacrifices to the God of Jonah.

But poor Jonah where is he? Through the divine providence he was safely incarcerated in a great fish, where he remained three long days and nights, until his willfulness left him, and he was ready to be delivered, and to do the will of the Lord.

Then it was that the Lord came to him again, saying, "Arise, Arise, go unto Nineveh that great city." How quickly this before self-willed man enters into submission and obedience. He is now "as ready to obey as before to disobey." He went into the city without delay, without hesitation, and without inquiry; he went immediately as a poor, helpless stranger and as soon as he entered the city cried out, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed."

Then occurred a marvelous change in the city of Nineveh. Men, women and children observed a fast, put on sack-cloth, and sat in ashes. The land marveled at the message from God, and mourned. The whole city was a scene of prayer and penitence. And the Lord heard their prayer, accepted their repentance, and spared the city.

"And God saw their works that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them; and he did it not."

But Jonah was greatly displeased at this action of God's. Weary of life and begging to die he went out of the city and built a little hut. There he mourned, and wept and waited, possibly to see if the destruction of the city had not been merely deferred. In the meanwhile the great Jehovah prepared a gourd, and made it overshadow Jonah's little hiding place, so that he might be protected from the hot rays of the sun. With this came joy and gladness to Jonah's heart, but it was soon dispersed by the sudden disappearance of the plant. Then the Lord caused an east wind to blow, and the sun to beat upon Jonah's head, and Jonah cried out, "It is better for me to die than to live."

The Lord now saw his opportunity to teach Jonah the much needed lesson, and so with deep-reaching, powerful words, he delivers to him this message:

"Thou hadst pity on the gourd, for the which thou hadst not labored, neither madest it to grow; which came up in a night and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that can not discern between their right-hand and their left-hand, and also much cattle?"

Nonsensical An'muls.

I'd like to see a lion roar,
'En flap its tail most awful mad,
I'd like it ist to shake the ground,
Gee! but I would be glad!

My billy-goat he has six feet
Though he's a quadruped;
He has four in the proper place
And two upon his head.

Ef I could only holler
Like my donkey here can bray,
I'd be so awful tickled
That I'd do it all the day.

The goosie gander pokes its neck
Away up in the air,
'En flaps its wings, 'en says "hiss, hiss,"
More fiercer than a bear.

I like to hear the moo-cow moo,
I love her dearly, 'deed I do;
She gives me butter, milk and cheese,
I wonder where she gets all these?

If I could moo like the moo-cow moos,
And quack like the quack-quacks quack,
And baa-baa-baa like the baa-baas baa,
Pray tell we what I'd lack?

“The Eve of St. Agnes.”

SALLIE M. JORDAN, '09.

In studying the work of any poet, to be able to fully understand and appreciate it we must study the life and motive of the author, we must be able to put ourselves in his place for the time being, think as he does, entertain the same views and beliefs which he entertains. While we do not hold the same theories in regard to the purpose and mission of poetry that Keats held, yet in accordance with the theories which he did hold, he has left us one of the most beautiful things in all English literature—“The Eve of St. Agnes.”

In this poem Keats has introduced us to the world of mediæval romance, which is full of beauty and enchantment; he also shows us something of the classic Greek. He takes us back into the ages long since past, when superstition held a firmer sway in the minds and hearts of the people than now. Keats loved the old legends and customs of the people of the earlier ages, and so, in this poem he takes us back over the centuries to the night of the celebration of St. Agnes's Eve. We are admitted to the bright scenes of revelry, in which all the lords and ladies take part, in commemoration of the good St. Agnes, while on the outside, in the bitter cold, the ancient Beadsman tells his rosary, and watches the long night through to atone for the deeds that others have committed, while perchance, he hears the sounds of merriment floating out to him from the castle halls.

Keats reveled in the delight of the beauty of the senses. He has been called “The prophet and poet of the senses and their delights.” He is a lover of sensuous beauty, he adores beautiful tastes, smells, sights, and sounds. This is most forcibly shown in the poem under discussion. In this poem

the feelings are allowed full sway, it is replete with sensuous beauty. We see the sweet Madelaine filled with timid delight, fear intermingling, as she observes, in silence the rites of St. Agnes's Eve.

"But to her heart her heart was voluble, paining with eloquence her balmy side."

Then young Porphyro, all on fire with love for the beautiful Madelaine, comes, praying but a glimpse of his lady fair; we see his varied emotions as he beholds her. What can be more appealing to the senses than the feast which Porphyro spreads on a table with "A cloth of woven crimson, gold and jet," we can taste the jellies "Soother than the creamy curd." Again, we seem to hear the tender chords of the lute as he softly plays, then her awakening, and we witness their united bliss.

The artist, Keats declares, must have no purpose beyond that of the artistic effect; he is opposed to the theory that poetry should have a moral, that it should teach. He condemned the didactic element in the poetry of Wordsworth, Milton, and others, of our best poets. He thought poetry should please for its mere beauty, and he certainly admirably carries out his theory in "The Eve of St. Agnes." This poem has nothing of the ethical elements in it, it teaches no lesson, gives no moral, but simply pleases by an appeal to the senses and its loveliness of form. It is entirely free from anything didactical, there is, in none of its lines, spirituality. He tells us of the aged Beadsman, of the old beldame who so kindly befriended Porphyro, yet in all this there is no lesson, whatever, taught.

Keats was an intense worshiper of beauty in all its forms; he has been called an inspired interpreter of beauty. He loved the beautiful in everything, and recognizing it, it was a passion with him to embody it in a beautiful form. He had the keenest and most delicate perceptions of beauty, and this

is most clearly shown in "The Eve of St. Agnes." The poem is one succession of beautiful expressions, every line is artistically complete, take, for instance, these lines:

"Sudden a thought came like a full bloom rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot."

And again, could we imagine anything more delicately beautiful than these lines:

"A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and branches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable with stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heralders,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings."

While we believe that Keats was mistaken in the theory of poetry, that the purpose of poetry should be to teach and uplift humanity, yet he most assuredly carried out his own beliefs to almost the highest perfection. Matthew Arnold says "No one in English poetry, save Shakespeare, has quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness. We believe, to quote Keats himself—though not in regard to this poem—that "The Eve of St. Agnes" will remain,

"A thing of beauty a joy forever."

The Chatterbox.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$1.00: Single Copy, 15 Cents.

For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

Application has been made for entrance at Littleton, N. C., as second class matter, under act of Congress, July 16, 1894.

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

Editorial.

Here we are—entering upon the new scholastic year. Fresh and open lies a new life before us. Girls, what shall we make it? Is 1908-09 to mar this page, or is it to be the glowing threshold to greater and nobler achievements?

“Life is what we make it,” can never become too familiar a motto to lose its energizing power over those who take it as their guide. It is especially applicable to us as college students; for we should set out to make our lives fuller and richer in many respects by this year's work. .

Not only should we strive to excel in scholarship, but to lead out every social and spiritual possibility within us as well. Our lives should mean more to others and should have attained greater depth at the expiration of this term than now. It is ours to make this a successful year in every respect and there is nothing more conducive to this end than to make a good beginning.

Just here we earnestly ask our readers to criticise our first number of the magazine kindly, and not to think we are holding up a standard which we can't follow. Our first “CHAT-

TERBOX" for 1908 may not measure up to what we wish, but at least we hope that our beginning is not altogether bad. We are newly organized and our plans not very well arranged as yet, but time will cure this deficiency and we hope that our motto shall apply to our work as well as to the life of every student in our College Home.

What is Being Done in Athletics.

KATE MAYNARD, '09.

The Athletic Association has been fully organized for the fall term. New officers have been elected to fill the places of those who did not return, and great interest is being manifested in all phases of the work, especially in basketball and tennis. We judge from the games that have been already played that we are to have some "champions" as members of our team for the year before us. We are looking forward with great anticipation to the game of basketball which is to be played here Thanksgiving Day. We intend to make it the most enjoyable feature of the season. With our large membership and our enthusiastic officers, we can expect nothing less than the best.

Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE G. GRIGGS, '10.

—A delightful reception was given to the new girls by the Y. W. C. A. on the evening of September the nineteenth. Refreshments were served and many acquaintances were made. It was much enjoyed by every one.

—On third Sunday evening Miss Green, the Bible teacher, made us an interesting talk on Temperance, and what the Y. W. C. A. is doing.

—Two of the delegates, Misses Mattie Moore and Bessie Boone, who were sent to Asheville in June delivered their reports beautifully the fourth Sunday evening. They said their trip was a most delightful one, bringing them in closer touch with our beloved Saviour, and with Christian workers from all parts of the United States. Their lives have been uplifted, their eyes opened, and they are better prepared to carry on the work of the Y. W. C. A. more as they think God would have them, and it is with willingness that they take up their cross again.

—Miss Nellie Porter could not be with us to make her report, so she sent a letter which was read.

—We are glad to say all the members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet have returned. But we are very sorry that Miss Alberta Aiken, chairman of the Musical Committee, had to resign on account of her health. Miss Sallie Jordan has been appointed to take her place.

—The first Sunday evening was the missionary meeting. Miss Thorne told us some interesting facts concerning Mexico. Miss Nutt, who was our Bible teacher of '07-08, has been called there as a missionary. It is our belief that when

God called her she dropped her work and said, "Yea, Lord." We hope Miss Nutt may continue to do good; that she may uplift the lives of the Mexicans as she did the students of Littleton College, so that when she enters the pearly gates of Heaven, our Saviour may say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

—Miss Blanche Holt, chairman of the Devotional Committee, leads service only once a month; Miss Mollie Stephenson, chairman of the Missionary Committee, leads twice.

—Miss Edith Simmons, President of the Y. W. C. A., led the service last Sunday evening. Her subject was "Peace," and the service was unusually good.

Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

It is with pleasure that we are entering upon this, our new year of college work. We have struggled hard to get this far and still we struggle on! It is our purpose this year to make this, our College Journal, a magazine that will be beneficial to old and young—instructive as well as entertaining. We hope to place many articles in it that will be worthy of every one's consideration.

It is the purpose of the Exchange Editor to tender her criticism on the good and bad qualities of other magazines, in the hopes that it will prove a help to them. In return it expects them to do the same. We think we should be called co-workers and not contemporaries—of course we are in a way, in that we are striving for the highest and the best. In our criticisms we should not criticise from a sense of prejudice, but give an unbiased opinion.

As this is our first edition we have not many exchanges on our table. We gratefully acknowledge *The Trinity Archive* and *The Red and White*, also the letters from the other colleges wishing us much success in our undertaking. We have no adverse criticism to offer, but we would like to say that the story of "Clarissa" in *The Trinity Archive* is very unique. The plot is original and the language weird. Also we think the little poem, "The Lip and the Heart" in *The Red and White* is good, for what is truer than

" Not all the lip can speak
Is worth the silence of the heart."

We look forward with pleasure to see many other exchanges on our table.

To all the exchanges we send heartiest greetings and wish them much success in all they do!

Among Us.

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

—Our opening this year was unusually large and especially great since we have so many advanced pupils with us.

—Mr. Rhodes spent a few days in Richmond recently.

—Miss Betts was called to Concord some days ago on account of the death of her nephew. We were glad when she returned.

—The Hyperion and Eunomian Literary Societies have started out with every prospect of doing successful work this year.

—Miss Mary McCullen, a graduate of Littleton College, has visited her sister, Miss Emma, since the opening of school.

—Mr. B. D. Isles, of Pleasant Hill, visited his sister, Miss Ruth Isles, last week.

—The Athletic Association is thriving rapidly. Basketball seems to be the greatest attraction of all.

—Miss Edith Simmons spent Saturday and Sunday with friends and relatives at Halifax.

—Mrs. Rhodes is visiting her niece, Miss Lucile Aiken, at Moyock, now.

—Mr. W. S. Womble, of Cheriton, Va., stopped recently to see his niece, Miss Minnie Garriss, while on his way home from Florida.

At first, we were quite grief-stricken at the loss of so many of our last year's faculty, but after testing their substitutes, we feel that much is possible which at first thought we considered impossible.

—Miss Auten, former Director of Music, overcome by the overwhelming force of matrimonial magnetism, is now Mrs. Stuart Campbell, of Albia, Iowa.

—Miss Lanham, former teacher of English, is teaching at the Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.

—Miss Stanfield is teaching at Glover, N. C.

—Miss Morris is teaching music at Dunn, N. C.

—Miss Hayden is teaching in Baltimore.

—Miss Jenkins is at her home in Littleton, N. C.

—Miss Roe is teaching music at Blackshear, Georgia.

—Miss Nutt, having offered herself for a missionary, has been appointed to a charge in Mexico.

—One of the most unique events of the season occurred October 8th, when a senior meeting was called to Miss Kate Maynard's room at seven o'clock p. m. After a kindly welcome by Miss Maynard, the entire body assembled to the roof for amusement. Seated on the house-top with a full moon o'er head, grapes were discovered all around, and in a moment every one was gleefully devouring their captives. The class-song and yell of '09 were heard near and far, while toasts to Miss Maynard's hospitality were delivered on all sides. At length study hour arrived and all were compelled to descend from their lofty perch, each declaring it the most delightful class meeting ever summoned.

Abroad.

FLOSSIE STEELE, '09.

“Willie T. or Willie B. ?—We’re Bound to Have a Bill!!”

The political situation waxes more violent every day—and more complicated and unsolvable to the uninitiated. Truly it is a “pot and kettle campaign!” It runs very much in this wise:

Mr. Bryan denounces Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft answers Mr. Bryan.

Willie T. denounces Willie B.

Willie B. answers Willie T.

Roosevelt denounces Haskell and a lot of others.

The labor vote denounces Gompers.

Hearst denounces everything and everybody.

Additions are made to the “Ananias Club” daily.

Then everybody answers everybody else at once and in chorus, and the result of it all is dire confusion. “Which is the sinner and which is the saint?” Well, wait until November and we’ll find out—that is, if both the elephant and the donkey don’t succumb before then. Just suppose the little donkey had to carry Willie T.’s avoirdupois, and the poor, slow, steady going elephant had Willie B. trumpeting continually in its ear!

Really the noblest figure in the campaign, and the only mud-free one, seems to be Judge Parker. Don’t you remember him? Oh, yes! He ran on the Democratic ticket in ’04. Well, he’s a gentleman, if he isn’t much in a political race. And if Bryan has all the noble sentiments attributed to him by his friends, he must feel a bit small when he sees how loyally the judge is supporting him (and not bragging about it either), for you may remember that Bryan said some rather vitriolic things about the judge in ’04.

But, here’s to the success of our ticket, in spite of everything!! Vote for Bryan and Kern!! “The South,” says President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, “Is the

only place in the world where people still believe in God, read Sir Walter Scott, and vote the Democratic ticket." Let us always maintain this high standard of life.

* * *

Do you reckon John Temple Graves enjoys figuring with the "Comic Supplement" party as much as he thought he would? He sold himself for \$30,000 a year. Big price—more than a "handful of silver;" but does he enjoy the bargain now?

* * *

Alfred Austin's poem is entitled "Unto the Last." So Alfred has decided to take up the trade of shoemaker after all! Good luck, Alf. We hope your shoes will be an improvement on your verses!

* * *

Colonel Stewart is still suffering from the effects of Roosevelt's "square deal." Do you suppose the President would be having "a corking time" were he in Stewart's place?

* * *

We're "all up in the air" about flying machines just now.

* * *

The "Sick Man of the East" and his troubles are bothering us again.

* * *

Mrs. Elkins says her daughter is not going to marry the Duke D'Abruzzi. Well, we wouldn't either if the duke weren't any more anxious than he seems to be.

* * *

Professor Wunsterburg, of Harvard, says he does not believe in total abstinence. Be careful Prof!——Carrie Nation will get you if you don't watch out.

* * *

The fashion plates say that long sleeves are coming in. Not for us!——we're organizing a ball team!

* * *

There's a State Fair in Raleigh. Did you know it? Some of us went, but the rest of us stayed to get out the CHATTERBOX. Aren't you glad!

Have You Heard the Latest?

“Laugh and the world laughs with you.”

Jokes.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

If you want to help the staff
Tell a joke and let us laugh.
If a good thing comes your way
To pass it on is sure to pay.

* * *

Miss Ella Powell: “Ethel, I heard that one of the girls who was here last year is now in Baltimore.”

Miss E. Spivey: “Why, Ella, some one told me she had gone to Maryland. Can’t things get mixed up?”

* * *

Elizabeth Bridgers: “Mattie, are you in my Arithmetic class?”

Mattie: “I don’t know, what Arithmetic do you take?”

E.B.: “It’s called Higher Lessons in English.”

* * *

Velma V. was informed by her roommates that it was time for section meeting. She indignantly replied: “No, sir; you’ll not get me in there to black me up!!”

* * *

Miss B.: “Is Jupiter inhabited?”

Miss C.: “Maybe, you know the people might be made of asbestos.”

* * *

Miss B. (in sub Eng.): “What part of speech is to-morrow?”

Answer: “A pronoun; it stands for the next day.”

* * *

The same: “When are quotation marks used?”

Answer: “When one speaks ironically.”

Miss B.: "Describe the orbits of the planets."

Miss J.: "The orbits are all epileptic."

* * *

The "Sure Enough" article! Having declared her aversion to rats, switches and other pretentions, Miss Dare Pittman wants to know if any young m—— wants his money's worth.

* * *

In History Class: "How did the people of the rough stone age bury their dead?"

Answer: "In wheelbarrows."

* * *

Wanted: To know if Miss —— ever reached her room, or is she still standing on the trunk elevator?

* * *

A Freshman declared not long ago that all the written work she had ever done had been oral.

* * *

NEW WAY OF PARSING.

Sentence: Mary milked the cow.

Mary is a proper noun, nominative case subject of milked.

Milked is a verb—regular because Mary milked every day—past tense because she is not milking now—used for various things.

Cow is a pronoun because it stands for Mary *i. e.* to milk it. It is the objective case, the object of Mary's occupation.

* * *

In Physical Geography: "In what states does water exist?"

Answer: "In all the States of the Union."

* * *

Same: "What is the interior of the earth like?"

Answer: "It's like a baked apple."

Probably the student still had vivid memories of Sunday dessert.

SOMETHING INTERESTING ABOUT THE SEASONS.

“The earth rotates on its axis from East to West, causing the seasons.”

“The earth rotates on its axis from West to East, causing day and night.”

* * *

When is Miss Railey not Miss Railey?

When she is a drawer.

* * *

“What does “frow” mean?—F-r-o-w. Mr. Rhodes just asked us if we had seen anything of his frow (frau).”

* * *

Here's to “Chatter,”

Here's to “Box,”

Jokes and jingles

Come in flocks.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Class 1909

Blanche Holt.....President
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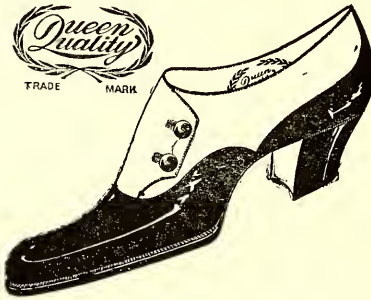
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